

THREE PETERSON CHILDREN

Early in the spring of 1862 Niels Morten Peterson and his wife Metta Christena Peterson, with a family of children left their beautiful home in Hjorring, Denmark, sailing on the ship "Franklin," their destination far-off Utah. The boat was very crowded, food and water was not the best, and weather conditions made the voyage long and hard. The measles broke out and due to the meagre facilities for caring for the sick, the contagion spread rapidly. All tolled there were 146 deaths on the ship. Three were the children of Brother and Sister Peterson. The first to pass away was Maren Christena Peterson, May 2, 1862. Then just one week later, a son, Jens, and their baby boy, Fjelsted, died of the same disease.

WILLIAM WALSH AND SON

William Walsh and his wife Alice left their home in England, March 19, 1856. They took passage on the ship "Horizon" and arrived in Boston in June. Leaving Boston, they traveled on flat cars to Winter Quarters, where they waited for handcarts to be completed that they might come on to Zion. They had with them their three children. The oldest son, Robert, after an attack of measles seemed to grow weaker every day, and finally died and was buried somewhere on the plains. Then when the Company reached Martin's Cove, the father, William, became so ill that he too passed away. Alice, with two small children, one a baby eight months old, was sitting in the snow ready to give up when the rescue party arrived. Sarah Walsh Swift, the baby girl, is still alive, residing in the Tenth Ward, Salt Lake City.

DEATH OF CHARLES SHELTON'S WIFE, FIVE CHILDREN AND SISTER ON THE WAY TO UTAH

The Shelton family lived in the Parish of Southampton, County of York and Province of New Brunswick. They had heard, and a number of them had accepted the gospel of Jesus Christ. Charles, the oldest son, was born 25 September, 1824, in Fredericton, York, New Brunswick, and was baptized 25 December, 1852, into the Latter-day Saint Church. On 10 May, 1854, he with his wife Rebecca and six children, his brother Albert, eight years old and his five sisters, Ann, Martha, Louisa, Eliza and Emily, started for Utah. On the way they had a dreadful time. All except Ann and Charles had the measles, they had had them before leaving home. They were not in condition to care for sick people on the plains and consequently they suffered tremendously with that disease.

Charles' wife, Rebecca, was taken sick with cholera after having been made weak with the measles and soon succumbed to it. Next Charles' sister Louisa, born 22 August, 1837, in Southampton, York, N. B., took the same disease and died in a short time. After her, Charles' five children, one after the other, were taken, until seven graves from that family alone marked the desert. We cannot tell, words fail us in trying to describe the terrible scene, but it was only one that occurred among the companies of emigrants traveling over that thousand-mile plain to the habitation of the Saints in Zion.

Charles Shelton arrived in Utah with one little boy out of his family

of six children and a beloved wife. Heart full of sorrow for those who had gone but grateful for he who was left to him.—*Alice K. Hatch.*

ELIZABETH M. BROCKBANK

On Feb. 10, 1852, a company of between five and six hundred saints set sail from Liverpool on the ship, Ellen Maria. They encountered a terrible wind and storm. After eight weeks and three days, they arrived at New Orleans. At Kansas City, they were delayed several weeks for wagons which were being made at St. Louis. While waiting there, they laid away over 20 of their number. This was due to cholera which broke out in camp. In this company were Isaac Brockbank, his wife, Elizabeth Mainwaring, and four children: Isaac, fourteen years of age, Elizabeth, twelve years of age, Joshua, four years of age and Agnes, 13 months old. They had buried three children before leaving Liverpool, England.

As they journeyed on, it was customary for the women of camp to gather berries, or wild currants during the noon rest. One day, when the company was ready to start, Elizabeth was not there so they traveled on thinking she had gone ahead. All night they watched and worried and the same the following day but to no avail. Brother Layton hitched up his fine span of mules to his buggy and took her husband back to Fort Laramie, a distance of 50 miles, but they learned nothing and returned broken hearted.

For years the family waited thinking they might hear something of her, but to this day nothing has ever been learned. The family arrived in Salt Lake City, September 14, 1852. That was seven months after leaving Liverpool.—*Eliza Brockbank Hales.*

GRAVES OF THE MORMON BATTALION MEN

SAMUEL BOLEY

Samuel Boley, a private in Company B, died shortly after taking up the march. This occurred between 12 and 1 o'clock on the 23rd of July, 1846, on the Missouri River. The assistant surgeon, Dr. Wm. L. McIntre, kindly nursed and doctored him, but to no avail. Elder Jesse C. Little previously addressed the men and eulogized Brother Samuel Boley for his integrity and energy. A rough lumber coffin was made for him and his burial shroud was his blanket.—*Gleaned from Tyler's History.*

COL. JAMES ALLEN

Col. James Allen, commander of the Mormon Battalion, was taken seriously ill after arriving at Fort Leavenworth, and on an illness of eight days passed away. He was a highly esteemed and loved officer and the army boys mourned his dismissal. He was buried August 29, 1846.

JOHN AND JANE BOSCO

On the 28 of August an elderly English lady, Jane Bosco, who was traveling with Captain Hunt, died and before daylight the next morning, her husband, John Bosco, passed away. He was not a soldier. Their oft

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repeated wish that neither should be left to mourn the loss of the other was realized. They were buried in one grave, and under the supervision of Elisha Averett. A stone wall was built around and over their resting place.

ALVA PHELPS

On the evening of September 16, 1846, Alva Phelps of Co. E passed away. "It is understood that he begged Dr. Sanderson not to give him any strong medicine as he needed only a little rest, but the Doctor prepared his dose and ordered him to take it, which he declined to do, whereupon the Army Doctor, with some horrid oaths, forced it down him with an old rusty spoon. A few hours later he died and the general feeling was that the Doctor killed him." He was buried on the south side of the Arkansas River in a shallow grave, because the water was near the surface, September 17, 1846. He had left his wife and children ill in Winter Quarters.

NORMAN SHARP

Norman Sharp was one of those who left for Santa Fe for Pueblo on October 18, 1846. On the way up the river he accidentally shot himself in the arm. The group were without proper facilities to care for such an emergency. Infection set in and in three days he was dead. Thomas Woolsey and an Indian squaw buried him in a lonely grave along the way. His wife and her small sister were with him at the time of his death.

MILTON SMITH

Milton Smith died the night of October 27, 1846. With the teams in a miserable plight and the men in such feeble condition, it is a wonder the detachment made any progress at all. But after two days travel, fresh oxen were secured which benefited the travelers considerably. However, many of the sick were obliged to walk up steep hills, which was a great hardship. On the 28 of October, Milton Smith was given as good a burial as his friends could give him on the lonesome prairie.

JOSEPH W. RICHARDS

On the 21 of November, 1846, a worthy young man, Joseph W. Richards, succumbed to the illness brought on by exposure. He became ill at Fort Leavenworth, but lived until November, at which time the Battalion was nearing their journey's end.

SAMUEL GULLY

Lieut. Samuel L. Gully of Company E was a great friend to the men of the Battalion. He had taken a stand against the non-Mormon officers who were ill-treating the men. When two of the men, John D. Lee and Howard Egan started for Council Bluffs with the checks of the Battalion, it was thought an opportune time for Lieut. Gully to resign and return to his family. Accompanying these men and Roswell Stevens, he left to join his family. The next year he started for Salt Lake City, but died on the plains.

JAMES HAMPTON

On the third of November, 1846, Dr. Sanderson (Non-Mormon) reported Private James Hampton, who had been on the sick list for a few days, as ready for duty, but at two o'clock p. m. he passed away. A halt of twenty minutes was called when it became known he was dying. His body was placed in the wagon and taken to the next camping place where it was buried. At this time they were camped on the banks of the Rio Grande River.

RICHARD CARTER AND ELIJAH FREEMAN

A second detachment of sick were sent back to Pueblo under the direction of Lieut. W. W. Willis. While on this journey two more graves were made along the trail. Elijah Freeman and Richard Carter were buried four miles south of the Secora on the Rio Grande.

JOHN GREEN

On the night of November 4, John Green passed away. He was buried by the side of James Hampton.

WILLIAM COLEMAN

William Coleman, who had been left back because of illness, was found dead by the side of the road. He evidently had tried to follow the Battalion and died on the way.

MILTON KELLEY

Milton Kelley died on the fourth of November, at Pueblo. Among the deaths listed in Pueblo are the following: Infant son of Captain Jefferson Hunt. Baby of Fanny Dimick Huntington. John Perkins, a splendid young man; Corporal James A. Scott, February 5, 1847. Corporal Arnold Stevens, February 28, 1847; M. S. Blanchard, April 10, 1847.

ELISHA SMITH

Elisha Smith was employed by Captain Davis as a teamster. He died on October 6, 1846. He was buried on a lonely prairie and the spot was piled high with brush and wood and then burned to conceal his resting place from wolves and Indians.

MURDERED BY INDIANS

Arrangements had been made that a company of men should pioneer a wagon road eastward, if possible, over the Sierra Nevada Mountains. This was after the Battalion had been in California for some time. This group started on May 1, 1848 and consisted of Sergeant David Browett, as Captain, Ira J. Willies, J. C. Sly (known as Captain Sly), Israel Evans, Jacob G. Truman, Daniel Allen, J. R. Allred, Henderson Cox, and Robert Pixton.

After three days travel, they came to the mountains, but seeing nothing but snow capped mountains, after three of them ascended one of the Iron Hills, they decided to wait until later.

About the 24th of June, 1848, Captain Browett, Daniel Allen, and Henderson Cox decided to start on a second exploring tour, but the rest thought it would be risky because of the Indians.

On the 2nd of July, 1848, the rest of the men augmented to about thirty-seven were on the march again. About the 16th of July they came to what they afterwards named Tragedy Springs. Near the springs were the remains of a campfire, and a place where two men had slept together, and one alone. Blood on the rocks, and a leather purse with gold dust in it was picked up. The purse was recognized as one belonging to Daniel Allen. A short distance from the spring, a place about 8 feet square was found where the earth had been recently removed. Digging in this they found the three men's bodies—all naked and terribly mutilated, and buried in one shallow grave.

The company buried them, and built a large pile of rock over them as a monument to mark their last resting place, and also to protect them from the wolves. They also cut upon a large pine tree, their names, ages and the way they died.

PHILINDIA CLARK ELDREDGE

Philindia Clark Eldredge was born August 2, 1809, at Weybridge, Vermont. She was the daughter of Fannie Goodell and Abner Eldredge. She had an early American ancestry, and some of her people fought in the War for Independence. Her father was in the war of 1812.

She was married to Levi Newton Merrick, also of early American ancestry, at Ponton, Vermont, November 18, 1827. Shortly afterward they moved westward to Apple Prairie, Gren County, Illinois. It was here they heard Mormonism preached by Parley P. Pratt. They embraced this religion and moved to Jackson County, Missouri, in order to be with the main body of the Church.

Her husband and eldest son were killed in the Haun's Mill Massacre, leaving her a widow with three small children.

She moved with the Saints to Nauvoo, Illinois, and was closely associated with the family of the Prophet Joseph Smith. She became one of the eighteen charter members of the Female Relief Society.

She married a second time to Daniel H. Keeler in the Nauvoo Temple on February 6, 1846.

When the Saints were driven from Nauvoo, the Keeler family moved to St. Louis, Missouri, that they might better prepare themselves for the journey west. They started the westward trek with the Horace Eldredge company in 1852.

Philindia had been in failing health for some time, and the hardships of the journey were too much for her. She became very ill, and died July 24, 1852, near Fort Laramie. She was buried there, and no further record of her burial has as yet been found. She was the mother of six children, one daughter and five sons.

JOHN COULAM

John Coulam and his wife, Sarah Cordon Coulam, joined the L. D. S. Church in England. In 1849, they came to America. On the ocean, Sarah became very ill and died on the boat coming up the Missouri River; two days out from St. Louis. This was on April 22, 1849.

Her family were very despondent at the thought of having to bury her body in the river. They went to the captain to see if it were possible to have the boat stop long enough for burial on land. To their dismay, they received a negative answer; the captain explaining that it would cost too much to make a landing.

All that was left for them to do was to pray and hope for an answer to their prayers that they would not have to throw her body overboard.

Something went wrong with the machinery and the boat was forced to make a two day landing pending arrival of parts from St. Louis.

So Sarah Cordon Coulam is buried somewhere on the shore of the Missouri River. She left six children, John the eldest, and George, a baby of eleven months.

John Coulam arrived with the children in Salt Lake City on Sept. 23, 1849, in Orson Spencer's Company.—*Dorothy Coulam Wolz.*

MEMORIAL ON THE PLAINS

No chiseled stone has marked this burial place,
No greening square of damp and shaven lawn,
Nor bud nor bloom upon the mounded space,
No path where long remembering steps have gone;
Here only comes the wind in lingering mood
And storm of dust and sparse infrequent rain,
Oh here are loneliness and solitude,
No mourner comes this desolate way again;
It is by chance I bend the prairie grass
And bow my head in silent memory here,
Yet shall these sentient moments as they pass
Be tribute to your faith, oh Pioneer,
For now my weak and doubting heart has found
A valiant courage from this hallowed ground.
—*Vesta Pierce Crawford, R. S. Mag., January, 1938.*